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THE WORLD-OLD YEW.

THERE are two kinds of trees peculiarly interesting, by reason of the rich historical and poetical associations which surround them. One, the Oak, we personify as 'King of the Woods;' the other, the Yew, we tenderly plant where our lost loved ones rest. Much that is ennobling in our thoughts is associated with them. The oak is ever to us an emblem of strength, majesty, and courage; the yew, of sorrow, immortality, and gloom. Our poets have often used them to embellish their word-pictures and point their precepts; and our historians have told us with pride of the parts played by their branches, shaped to 'good yew bows' and 'oaken walls' in our country's hours of need. No other trees are so closely connected with our national life and history as the oak and the yew, and the story of their lives is full of interest and instruction. To the latter we wish here more particularly to refer.

The yew (*Taxus baccata*) is indigenous to nearly every country in Europe, being found as far north as the Gulf of Finland, and south to the shores of the Mediterranean. Botanically it belongs to the natural order Coniferae, or Pines, in which family many of the most useful and ornamental trees are classed. The flowers are dioecious—that is, with the staminate and pistillate organs on different trees. It is the oldest of British trees, specimens being still alive which, according to De Candolle, are not less than two thousand years old. In many places throughout the country, especially in the west of England and in Wales, we may still stand beneath the flourishing branches of yews which were nearly full grown at the time of the Conquest. At Aldsworth, in Berkshire, there is still living a yew which measures at the present time twenty-seven feet in circumference, and must be at least one thousand years old. This fine tree is referred to in More's *Berkshire Queries*, under the date 1760, where it is recorded that it was 'nine yards in girth.' So that for at least one hundred and

thirty years it has not increased in size. At Bucklebury, in the same county, stands another time-scarred patriarch, which also measures twenty-seven feet in girth where the branches spring from the trunk.

An interesting group of fine yews exists at Watcombe, on the road from Hungerford to Oxford. The trees are planted in the shape of a cloister court with a pond in the centre, on the site of a pre-Reformation religious edifice connected with the Benedictine Monastery of Huxley, to which house it was given by Geoffrey de Mandeville about 1086 A.D., and referred to in the 'Pipe Rolls' under the date 1166 A.D. The enclosure is still called, by the people of the district, 'Paradise,' the origin of which name can now only be conjectured. It is probably a relic of some ancient monastic symbol. The same name is given to other groups, such as those at Gresford, near Chester; at Chichester, and at Winchester.

A fine pair of trees standing together a little to the rear of the group at Watcombe are known as 'Adam and Eve,' and represent, according to the local legend, our first parents driven out of Paradise. They are of the male and female species, while the foliage of 'Adam' is of a darker shade than that of his companion 'Eve.' Standing still farther from the group is a solitary specimen twenty feet in circumference, which, in the emblematic language of the legend, is the 'Serpent.' This tree shows the effects of time more than any of the others, the trunk being now nearly reduced to a shell, though the top growth is still flourishing. A lateral opening in the trunk is large enough to afford standing-room for six or eight persons.

At Ifley, near Oxford, may be seen an ancient tree, whose furrowed half-prostrate trunk seems 'weary worn with care;' and as we stand beside its bending form, a feeling of sympathy, akin to that which we extend to a fellow-being stooping low with a load of years, rises within us. This yew is considered by competent judges to be the oldest living tree in Britain, and must have been

full-grown long before the first Oxford spire was raised in the vale below.

The largest and finest yew in Scotland is at Craigends, Renfrewshire. It is of a conical shape, and being a comparatively young tree, is in a most vigorous condition. It covers an area of about two hundred and fifty feet in circumference, and rises to a height of forty feet. The bole is eight feet in diameter. This is a grand specimen, and worthy of a visit by any one who appreciates the sublime beauty of trees, and finds in their presence that 'soothing companionship' which Oliver Wendell-Holmes so eloquently praises. There is also a fine group of yews, forming a noble avenue, near the church at Roseneath, on the Gareloch. It stands not far distant from the grand silver firs which are the largest of their kind in the kingdom.

From a geological point of view also, the yew is an interesting tree. We find its trunks in a surprising state of preservation, imbedded in the remains of British forests which flourished long anterior to historic times. On the Norfolk coast near Cromer, and in the remains of the vast forest which existed where the waters of the Bristol Channel now roll, gnarled yew-trunks have been discovered in recent times side by side with the bones of animals which must have been similar in size and form to the elephant and rhinoceros of the present day. It has also been turned up in the bogs of Ireland and Scotland, in the fens of the eastern counties of England, and among the 'moor-logs' submerged at the mouth of the Thames.

At a very early date, the yew was associated with the ideas of sorrow and immortality. We know that the Egyptians used it as a symbol of mourning, and its use in this way seems to have passed from them to the Greek and Roman nations. The early Britons probably learned to attach a funeral signification to it from their Roman conquerors, and the idea has descended from them to us. The reason of its employment in this typical sense is now difficult to trace. Very likely it arose from the characteristic aspect of the tree. To an age ever ready to express its thoughts by symbols, the sombre foliage would suggest the idea of gloom, and its almost unchanging aspect, alike in summer's sunshine and winter's storm, would produce that of immortality.

From an economic point of view the yew is now of little value. When every English army had its contingent of archers its branches supplied wood for bows. By an Act of Edward IV., every Englishman was compelled to procure a bow of his own length, made of yew, wych-hazel, or ash. At one time the wood, which is susceptible of an extremely fine polish, was much used in cabinet-making. It is now, however, very little employed in this way, other kinds of timber having been found more serviceable.

Besides being largely planted in cemeteries, the yew is extensively used as an ornamental tree, on lawns and in shrubberies, its distinctive, erect form, and dark glossy evergreen foliage, making a pleasing contrast to trees of a more spreading habit and with foliage of a lighter shade. In the days when arboriculture was very much a science of clipping, and trees and shrubs were tortured into such fantastic shapes as the figures

of various birds and animals, teapots, pyramids, cones, tables, chairs, and even of human beings, the yew, on account of its dense twiggy habit of growth, and patience under such unnatural treatment, was much used. Some wonderful examples of this kind of tree-culture may still be seen; but happily the fashion is now almost extinct, and the yew, like its fellow-victims the box and juniper, is allowed to assume its natural form.

Our poets make many beautiful and apt allusions to the yew, which seems to have been an interesting object to them. In *Twelfth Night*, Shakespeare refers to its use at funerals: 'My shroud of white, stuck all with yew;' and in *Macbeth*, 'the slips of yew silver'd in the moon's eclipse,' point to the well-known poisonous nature of the leaves, as well as to the awe with which the tree was regarded. Tennyson, in *In Memoriam*, refers to the yew's gloom and unchanging aspect in the well-known verses:

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the under-lying dead;
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapped about the bones.
O! not for thee the glow, the bloom,
Who changest not in any gale;
Nor branding summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of gloom.

In *The Holy Grail*, also, the Laureate makes a beautiful reference to the yew, in his usual accurate manner:

As they sat
Beneath a world-old yew-tree darkening half
The Cloisters, on a gustful April morn
That puffed the swaying branches into smoke
Above them, ere the summer when he died,
The monk Ambrosius questioned Percivale:
'O! brother, I have seen this yew-tree smoke,
Spring after spring for half a hundred years.'

The gusty April morn puffing the branches into smoke is a fine poetic touch, and is strictly true to Nature, although it is an incident not often noted, even by keen observers of Nature's signs and moods. The 'smoke' is the fine dusty pollen produced by the flowers of the male species shaken from the anther-cells by the wind.

THE IVORY GATE.*

By WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE LESSON OF THE STREET.

'CHILD,' said the Master, 'it is time that you should take another lesson.'

'I am ready. Let us begin.' She crossed her hands in her lap and looked up obedient.

'Not a lesson this time from books. A practical lesson from men and women, boys and girls, children and infants in arms. Let us go forth and hear the teaching of the wrecks and the slaves. I will show you creatures who are men and women mutilated in body and mind—mutilated by the social order. Come. I will show you, not by words, but by sight, why Property must be destroyed.'

It was seven o'clock, when Mr Dering ought to have been thinking of his dinner, that Mr

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Edmund Gray proposed this expedition. Now, since that other discourse on the sacredness of Property, a strange thing had fallen upon Elsie. Whenever her Master spoke and taught, she seemed to hear, following him, the other Voice speaking and teaching exactly the opposite. Sometimes—this is absurd, but many true things are absurd—she seemed to hear both voices speaking together: yet she heard them distinctly and apart. Looking at Mr Dering, she knew what he was saying: looking at Mr Edmund Gray, she heard what he was saying. So that no sooner had these words been spoken, than, like a response in Church, there arose the voice of Mr Dering. And it said: 'Come. You shall see the wretched lives and the sufferings of those who are punished because their fathers or themselves have refused to work and save. Not to be able to get Property is the real curse of labour. It is no evil to work provided one chooses the work and creates for one's self Property. The curse is to have to work for starvation wages at what can never create Property, if the worker should live for a thousand years.'

Of the two voices she preferred the one which promised the abolition of poverty and crime. She was young: she was generous: any hope of a return of the Saturnian reign made her heart glow. Of the two old men—the mad man and the sane man—she loved the madman. Who would not love such a man? Why, he knew how to make the whole world happy! Ever since the time of Adam we have been looking and calling out and praying for such a man. Every year the world runs after such a man. He promises, but he does not perform. The world tries his patent medicine, and is no better. Then, the year after, the world runs after another man.

Elsie rose and followed the Master. It was always with a certain anxiety that she sat or talked with him. Always she dreaded lest, by some unlucky accident, he should awaken and be restored to himself suddenly and without warning—say in his Lecture Hall. How would he look? What should she say? 'See—in this place for many years past you have in course of madness preached the very doctrines which in hours of sanity you have most reprobated. These people around you are your disciples. You have taught them by reason and by illustration with vehemence and earnestness to regard the destruction of Property as the one thing needful for the salvation of the world. What will you say now? Will you begin to teach the contrary? They will chase you out of the Hall for a madman. Will you go on with your present teaching? You will despise yourself for a madman.' Truly a difficult position. Habit, however, was too strong. There was little chance that Edmund Gray among his own people, and at work upon his own hobby, would become Edward Dering.

They went out together. He led her—whither? It mattered not. North and South and East and West you may find everywhere the streets and houses of the very poor hidden away behind the streets of the working-people and the well to do.

The Master stopped at the entrance of one of those streets—it seemed to Elsie as if she was standing between two men both alike with different eyes. At the corner was a public-house with swinging doors. It was filled with men

talking, but not loudly. Now and then a woman went in or came out, but they were mostly men. It was a street long and narrow, squalid to the last degree, with small two-storeyed houses on either side. The bricks were grimy; the mortar was constantly falling out between them: the woodwork of doors and windows was insufferably grimy: many of the panes were broken in the windows. It was full of children: they swarmed: they ran about in the road, they danced on the pavement, they ran and jumped and laughed as if their lot was the happiest in the world and their future the brightest. Moreover, most of them, though their parents were steeped in poverty, looked well fed and even rosy. 'All these children,' said Mr Edmund Gray, 'will grow up without a trade: they will enter life with nothing but their hands and their legs and their time. That is the whole of their inheritance. They go to school, and they like school: but as for the things they learn, they will forget them, or they will have no use for them. Hewers of wood and drawers of water shall they be: they are condemned already. That is the system: we take thousands of children every year, and we condemn them to servitude—whatever genius may be lying among them. It is like throwing treasures into the sea, or burying the fruits of the earth. Waste! Waste! Yet, if the system is to be bolstered up, what help?'

Said the other Voice: 'The world must have servants. These are our servants. If they are good at their work, they will rise and become upper servants. If they are good upper servants, they may rise higher. Their children can rise higher still, and their grandchildren may join us. Service is best for them. Good service, hard service, will keep them in health and out of temptation. To lament because they are servants is foolish and sentimental.'

Standing in the doorways, sitting on the doorsteps, talking together, were women—about four times as many women as there were houses. This was because there were as many families as rooms, and there were four rooms for every house. As they stood at the end of the street and looked down, Elsie observed that nearly every woman had a baby in her arms, and that there were a great many types or kinds of women. That which does not surprise one in a drawing-room, where every woman is expected to have her individual points, is noticed in a crowd, where, one thinks, the people should be like sheep—all alike.

'A splendid place, this street, for such a student as you should be, my Scholar.' The Master looked up and down—he sniffed the air, which was stuffy, with peculiar satisfaction: he smiled upon the grubby houses. 'You should come often: you should make the acquaintance of the people: you will find them so human, so desperately human, that you will presently understand that these women are your sisters. Change dresses with one of them: let your hair fall wild: take off your bonnet!—'

'Shall I then be quite like them?' asked Elsie. 'Like them, Master? Oh! not quite like them.'

'Not quite like them,' he said. 'No; you could never talk like them.'

He walked about among the people, who evi-

dently knew him, because they made way for him, nodded to him, and pretended, such was their politeness, to pay no attention to the young lady who accompanied him.

'Every one of them is a study,' he continued. 'I could preach to you on every one as a text. Here is my young friend Alice Parden, for instance'—he stopped before a pale girl of seventeen or so, tall and slender, but of drooping figure, who carried a baby in her arms. 'Look at her. Consider. Alice is foolish, like all the Alices of this street. Alice must needs marry her chap a year ago, when she was sixteen and he was eighteen. Alice should be still at her club in the evening and her work in the daytime. But she must marry, and she is a child-mother.—Is he out of work still?' Alice nodded, and hugged her baby closer. Mr Edmund Gray shook his head in admonition, but gave her a coin, and went on. 'Now, look at this good woman'—he stopped before a door where an Amazon was leaning—a woman five feet eight in height with brawny arms and broad shoulders and a fiery furnace for a face—a most terrible and fearful woman.—'How are you this evening, Mrs Moss? And how is your husband?'

Long is the arm of coincidence. Mrs Moss was just beginning to repose after a row royal; she was slowly simmering and slowly calming. There had been a row royal, a dispute, an argument, a quarrel, and a fight with her husband. All four were only just concluded. All four had been conducted on the pavement, for the sake of coolness and air and space. The residents stood around: the controversy was sharp and animated: the lady bore signs of its vehemence in a bruise, rapidly blackening, over one eye, and abrasions on her knuckles. The husband had been conducted by his friends from the spot to the public-house at the corner, where he was at present pulling himself together, and forgetting the weight of his consort's fists, and solacing his spirit with strong drink.

'How is my husband?' the lady repeated. 'Oh! I'll tell you. I'll tell you, Mr Gray, how my husband is. Oh! how is he? Go look for him in the public-house. You shall see how he is and what he looks like.' She descended two steps, still retaining the advantage of the lowest. Then, describing a semicircle with her right arm, she began an impassioned harangue. The residents fled, right and left, not knowing whether in her wrath she might not mistake the whole of them, collectively, for her husband. The men in the public-house hearing her voice, trembled, and looked apprehensively at the door. But Mr Gray stood before her without fear. He knew her better than to run away. The lady respected his courage, and rejoiced in a sympathetic listener. Presently she ran down: she paused: she gasped: she caught at her heart: she choked: she wept. She sat down on the doorstep, this great strong woman, with the brawny arms and the fiery face, and she wept. The residents crept timidly back again and gathered round her, murmuring sympathy: the men in the public-house trembled again. Mr Gray grasped her by the hand and murmured a few words of consolation; for indeed there were great wrongs, such as few wives even in this street expect, and undeniable provocations. Then he led his Scholar away.

At the next house he entered, taking Elsie with him to a room at the back where a woman sat making garments. She was a middle-aged woman, and though very poorly dressed, not in rags: the room was neat except for the garments lying about. She looked up cheerfully—her eyes were bright, her face was fine—and smiled. 'You here, Mr Gray?' she said. 'Well, I was only thinking yesterday how long it is since you came to see me last. I mustn't stop working, but you can talk.'

'This is a very special friend of mine,' said the Master. 'I have known her for ten years, ever since I began to visit the street. She is always cheerful: though she has to live on sweating work and sweating pay. She never complains. She lives like the sparrows, and eats about as much as a sparrow: she is always respectable. She goes to Church on Sundays: she is always neat in her dress. Yet she must be always hungry.'

'Ah!' said the woman, 'you'd wonder, Miss, if you knew how little a woman can live upon.'

'Oh! but,' said Elsie, 'to have always to live on that little!'

'She is the daughter of a man once thought well to do.'—'He was most respectable,' said the woman.—'He died, and left nothing but debts. The family were soon scattered, and—you see—this street contains some of those who have fallen low down as well as those who are born low down. It is Misfortune Lane as well as Poverty Lane. To the third and fourth generation, misfortune, when it begins—the reason of its beginning is the wickedness of one man—still persecutes and follows the family.'

'Thank you, Miss,' said the woman. 'And if you will come again sometimes— Oh! you needn't be afraid. No one would hurt a friend of Mr Gray.' So they went out.

On the next doorstep and the next and the next, there sat women old and young, but all of these had the same look and almost the same features—they were heavy-faced, dull-eyed, thick-lipped, unwashed, and unbrushed. 'These,' said the Master, 'are the women who know of nothing better than the life they lead here. They have no hope of rising: they would be unhappy out of this street. They bear children: they bring them up, and they die. It is womanhood at its lowest. They want warmth, food, and drink, and that is nearly all. They are the children and grandchildren of women like themselves, and they are the mothers of women like themselves. Savage lands have no such savagery as this, for the worst savages have some knowledge, and these women have none. They are mutilated by our system. We have deprived them of their souls. They are the products of our system. In a better order these people could not exist: they would not be allowed parents or birth. The boy would still be learning his trade, and the girl would be working at hers. That little woman who meets her troubles with so brave a heart has been sweated all her life—ever since her misfortunes began: she takes it as part of the thing they call life: she believes that it will be made up to her somehow in another world. I hope it will.'

'All these people,' said the other Voice, 'are what they are because of the follies and the

vices of themselves and their fathers. The boy-husband has no trade. Whose fault is that? The rickety boy and the rickety girl bring into the world a rickety baby. Whose fault is that? Let them grow worse instead of better until they learn by sharper suffering that vice and folly bring their punishment.'

'You see the children,' continued the Master, 'and the mothers. You do not see any old men because this sort mostly die before they reach the age of sixty. Those who are past work and yet continue to live go into the House. The girls you do not see because those who are not forced to work all the evening as well as all the day are out walking with their sweethearts. Nor the men because they are mostly in the public-house. They are all hand-to-mouth working men: they live by the job when they can get any. When they are out of work, they live upon each other. We hide this kind of thing away in back streets like this, and we think it isn't dangerous. But it is. Formerly, the wreckage huddled together bred plagues and pestilences, which carried off rich and poor with equal hand, and so revenged itself. In other ways, the wreckage revenges itself still.'

'This kind of people,' said the other Voice, 'may be dangerous. We have a Police on purpose to meet the danger. They would be quite as dangerous if you were to give them free dinners and house them without rent. The class represents the untamable element. They are always a danger. To cry over them is silly and useless.'

They walked down the street. Everybody knew Mr Edmund Gray. He had a word for all. It was evident that he had been a visitor in the street for a long time: he had the air of a proprietor: he entered the houses and opened doors and sat down and talked, his disciple standing beside him and looking on. He asked questions and gave advice—not of a subversive Socialist kind, but sound advice, recognising the order that is, not the order that should be.

All the rooms in this street were tenanted, mostly a family to each. In many of them work was going on still, though it was already eight o'clock. Sometimes it would be a woman sitting alone in her room like a prisoner in a cell, stitching for dear life: sometimes three or four women or girls sitting all together, stitching for dear life: sometimes a whole family, little children and all, making matches, making canvas bags, making paper bags, making card-boxes, all making—making—making for dear life. And the fingers did not stop and the eyes were not lifted, though the visitors opened the door and came in and asked questions, to which one replied in the name of all the rest.

It is an old, old story—everybody knows the slum: people go to gaze upon it; it is one of the chief sights of Victorian London, just as a hundred and fifty years ago it was one of the sights to see the women flogged at Bridewell. Not such a very great advance in civilisation, perhaps, after all.

'It is a hive—the place is swarming with life,' said the girl, who had never before seen such a street.

'Life means Humanity. All these people are so like you, my Scholar, that you would be surprised. You would not be like them if you

were dressed in these things, but they are like you. They want the same things as you—they have the same desires—they suffer the same pains. What makes your happiness? Food—warmth, sufficiency, not too much work. These are the elements for you as well as for them. In my system they will have all these—and then perhaps they will build up, as you have done, an edifice of Knowledge, Art, and Sweet Thoughts. But they are all like you. And most in one thing. For all women of all classes, there is one thing needful. These girls, like you, want love. They all want love. Oh, child! they are so like you, so very like you—these poor women of the lowest class. So very like their proud sisters.' He paused for a moment. Elsie made no reply. 'You see,' he continued, 'they are so hard at work that they cannot even lift their eyes to look at you—not even at you, though they so seldom see a girl among them so lovely and so well dressed. One would have thought—but there is the Whip that drives—that dreadful Whip—it hangs over them and drives them all day long without rest or pause. Their work pays their rent and keeps them alive. It just keeps them alive, and that is all. No more. It must be hard to work all day long for another person—if you come to think of it. Happily, they do not think. And all this grinding poverty—this terrible work, that one family may be able to live in a great house and to do nothing.'

'They are working,' said the other Voice, 'because one man has had the wit to create a market for their work. His thrift, his enterprise, his clearness of sight, have made it possible for these girls to find the work that keeps them. If they would have the sense not to marry recklessly, there would be fewer working girls, and wages would go up. If their employer raised their wages only a penny a day, he would benefit them but little and would ruin himself. They must learn—if they can—the lesson of forethought by their own sufferings. No one can help them.'

As Mr Edmund Gray walked into the houses and out again Elsie went with him, or she waited outside while he went in. Sometimes she heard the chink of coin: sometimes she heard words of thanks. The Socialist, whatever he taught, practised the elementary form of charity possible only for those who have money. Elsie remarked this little point, but said nothing.

'What you see here,' said the Master, 'is the lowest class of all—if one ever gets to the lowest level. For my own part, I have seen men and women so wretched that you would have called them *miserrimi*—of all created beings the most wretched. Yet have I afterwards found others more wretched still. In this street are those who make the lowest things: those who can make nothing, and have no trade, and live on odd jobs: and those who can neither make nor work, but thieve and lie about.'

'I see all that; but, dear Master, what will your new order do for such people? Will it make those who will not work industrious?'

'It will give every producer the fruits of his own labour: it will teach a trade to every man, and find men work. And those who cannot work, it will lock up until they die. They shall have no children. Perhaps it will kill them all. It might be better. We will have no human failures

in our midst. That street is full of lessons, all calling aloud for the destruction of Property.'

Then the other Voice spoke: 'The presence of the human failure is a lesson always before us—a warning and a lesson to rich and poor alike. As he is, so all may be. None are so rich but they may be brought to poverty: none so poor but they may be poorer. So far from hiding away the wreckage, it is always in our sight. It prowls about the streets: we can never escape it. And it fills all hearts with terror: it spurs all men to industry and invention and perseverance. The human failure inspires a never-ending hymn in praise of Property.'

TRIAL OF THE PYX.

It is one of the many privileges, so abundant in our favoured land, that we are entitled to a genuine coinage. In the first of the witty and ingenious *Drapier Letters*, written by Swift in 1724 against the copper coinage, which the English government was then introducing into Ireland, he refers to an observation by Lord Coke upon a certain act of parliament as far back as the reign of Edward I. 'By this act,' says that learned authority, 'it appears that no subject can be forced to take in buying or selling or other payment, any money made but of lawful metal, that is, of silver or gold.' From this Swift reasoned, somewhat extravagantly, that Irishmen were fully justified in refusing to take 'Mr Wood's halfpence' under any circumstances whatever. Without, however, discussing the position of the Dean of St Patrick's with regard to the ironmaster's 'filthy trash,' as he called it, the privilege of British subjects which he quotes is undoubtedly of the highest importance. The advantage of possessing a reliable medium of exchange is felt in all commercial transactions of whatever degree; and the disadvantage of its absence is experienced in a slight measure when, in spite of Lord Coke, one is hoodwinked by a 'smasher' into the acceptance of a counterfeit coin. This is happily of rare occurrence, so that the bitter feelings usually aroused on such occasions should eventually end in profound thankfulness to our ever-glorious Constitution which secures the life of the honest tradesman from a frequency of such vexations.

In this connection, it may be of interest to know that systematic precaution is taken to ensure that the coin circulating in this realm is 'made but of lawful metal,' not only for individual satisfaction but for national credit, so that English money may be, as we believe it is, 'firmamentum belli et ornamentum pacis.' The character of the coins issued from Her Majesty's Mint is examined year by year at the 'Trial of the Pyx,' as it is called. On this occasion, a jury of not less than six 'competent freemen' of the Goldsmiths' Company are empanelled at the Goldsmiths' Hall to verify the weight and fineness of the gold and silver coinages of the past twelve months. They are sworn before the Queen's Remembrancer, who points out the importance of their task. They are then handed the pyx coins, which it is their duty to weigh and assay and report upon. These coins consist of pieces that have been taken out during the year,

impartially, one from each journey weight or bag of finished work before it is delivered by the Mint to the Bank. When the coins are selected, they are placed in a packet which is sealed with the Mint seal and carefully locked in the pyx or chest (whence the phrase, 'Trial of the Pyx') until the time appointed for the trial, which generally takes place early in July.

The duties of the jurymen are very clearly defined by an Order in Council dated the 29th June 1871. They have to ascertain that the number of coins in each packet corresponds with the number represented to be there by the officers of the Mint, who are to be in attendance at the Hall. Each coin must be weighed to show whether it is within the prescribed 'remedy' or legal allowance as to weight. They are to take some of the coins and melt them into an ingot, which they must assay and compare with the standard trial plate in the custody of the Board of Trade. Some of the remaining pieces they must assay separately, in order to discover whether each coin is of the millesimal fineness specified by the Coinage Act, 1870, or its partial amendment, 1891. They are then to formulate their verdict in writing, and deliver the same to the Queen's Remembrancer, from which copies are made for the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, the Board of Trade, and the Mint, and also for publication in the *London Gazette*.

Though the verdicts since 1871, when the trial was first held annually, have been satisfactory, the imperative necessity of some such appeal to a legal standard will be recognised when it is considered that a slight deficiency on each piece becomes a serious amount in a large coinage. For instance, if the gold coined in 1890 (nearly eight millions) had been issued only one per mil. below the standard assay, that is, containing 913.6 parts of gold instead of 914.6 per 1000, the lowest legal proportion, it would mean a loss of upwards of £8500. And if every sovereign had weighed a grain too little, that is, 122.074 instead of 123.074 grains, the lowest legal weight, the total deficiency would have been nearly £65,000.

Evidently this offers a ready if not a righteous mode of replenishing the royal treasury chests. And it is a notorious historical fact that very few, if any, of our impecunious monarchs have been immaculate in respect to this temptation. Silver coins are said to have been first debased in the time of Edward I., and from his reign downwards they have varied in approximation to the normal weight and standard according to the necessities of the throne. The spendthrift Henry VIII. reduced the silver pound (in tale) from eleven oz. two dwt. of silver and eighteen dwt. of alloy, which has been the standard composition from Saxon times to the present, to four oz. of silver and eight of alloy. And this proportion was actually decreased by Edward VI. to three oz. of silver and nine of alloy in the Troy pound. After such flagrant debasements, 'Good Queen Bess's' little scheme of coining sixty-two shillings instead of sixty to the pound is scarcely worth mentioning. In the reign of Queen Anne, the guinea, which was originally issued as a twenty-shilling piece, was raised in nominal value to thirty shillings. And at the same period, W. Lowndes, in his 'Report for the Amendment of Silver Coins, London, 1695,' makes

a general complaint of 'lackage' in the weight of the currency. As an instance, he refers to 572 bags of silver money weighed at the receipt of the Exchequer. It appears from his statement that the 'medium' (mean) weight of each £100 by tale was 198 oz. 18 dwt. $\frac{1}{2}$ gr., showing a 'medium' deficiency of 188 oz. 3 dwt. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ gr. from the Mint standard, or nearly one-half the correct weight. *Tempora mutantur!* What would a modern pyx jury say to this?

And this disgraceful condition of the coinage cannot be excused through want of balances to weigh closer than half a piece. For it is on record that, before this, in the reign of Charles I., the Attorney-general, Noy, on seeing the accuracy of the beam employed, exclaimed with a burst of candour, unusual in an astute lawyer, 'I should be loth that all my actions should be weighed in these scales.' If we may not conclude from this that their balances indicated the thousandth part of a grain as at present, it is only fair to the machines to suppose that they were not used to weigh the coins that got into Mr Lowndes' hands. And a very probable hypothesis of the defalcation is that wickedness existed somewhere in the high places.

Though, however, the examination of the pyx is, *ipso facto*, a means of security to the nation, it must not be supposed that it originated with the people as a check upon the king. On the contrary, it originated with the king as a check upon those who held the contract for coining his money. For until 1850 the coinages were actually executed by the Moneyers, a private firm who claimed 'the prescriptive right to coin all Her Majesty's moneys.' The Mint Master was the officer held responsible to the sovereign by written indentures, which gave him explicit directions and particulars as to the coinage. And the trial of the pyx, held at the will and pleasure of the Crown, was a formal inquiry into his integrity in fulfilling those indentures. If the pyx coins proved good in weight and fineness, the master of the Mint was released from his responsibility; but any violation of the contract was severely dealt with. Cases are on record in which moneyers convicted of counterfeiting the coins were condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; and, for less flagrant offences, they had to lose the right hand.

It is not improbable, from documentary evidence, that this inquiry was first instituted in the reign of Henry II. (1154-1189). At anyrate, in the ninth or tenth year of Edward I., the king commanded the barons of the Exchequer by writ to take with them the warden of the Mint and open the boxes of the assay at London and Canterbury, and make the assay in such a manner as the 'king's council is wont to do.' But in 1345 we have an undoubted reference to the trial of the pyx; for the terms of the indenture between Edward III. and Percival de Perche are still in existence; and the mode of the 'tryall' is given in detail. As soon as the moneys were 'coyned and complete,' one piece was to be taken from every five-pound weight of gold, and kept in a chest with two keys and sealed with two seals, the one to remain with the king's deputy, and the other with the master. The box was to be opened every three months before the council of the king, the warden and the master being present,

and the moneys to 'bee assaid before them, and being found good and convenable, the said master to have letters pattenes for his discharge, and being found otherwyse the master to pay the kinge or his deputy that which shall apperteyne.' This is precise enough; and in the Cotton manuscripts there is an account of an assay of gold nobles, five years later, 1352, when they were compared with some florins of Florence kept in the Treasury as standards. The Egerton papers of the time of Elizabeth contain an 'order of ratinge of thassaies of the Mynte in the realme of Englande by the Queene's Majesties most Honourable Counsell in the Star-chamber of oulde tyme.' And it is recorded by the old chroniclers that on May 9, 1611, James I. was present as usual at the trial of the pyx in the Tower of London, and that the 'English Solomon' diligently 'viewed and examined the state of his Money and Mint.'

The intervals between these trials has been of considerable variation. Edward III., as has been quoted, caused them to be made every three months; but in general they were held just when the state pleased, sometimes at the appointment of a new master, that the old one might receive his quietus, and sometimes when the coinage reached a certain amount. The trial of the pyx in 1799 was held after a period of four years, and when about seven millions had been coined. But when the actual manufacture of money was brought under direct government control in 1870, the Coinage Act of that year enacted that 'For the purpose of ascertaining that coins issued from the Mint have been coined in accordance with this act, a trial of the pyx shall be held at least once in every year in which coins have been issued from the Mint.' The superior advantage of this more frequent check upon the officers of the Mint is obvious, and should be sufficient to inspire the most widespread confidence.

THE BELLS OF LINLAVEN.

CHAPTER III.—COMING SHADOWS.

BRAHRIG BECK falls into Brathrig Mere; and there, under the shelter of the broad brown Fell lies the little village of Linlaven, with the church-tower standing forth above the trees, and the blue lake stretching out beyond, filling every creek and bend of the shore with its brimming waters.

The place is lovely in its solitude, with the great hills girdling it round and shutting it in. It might be the Happy Valley of Rasselas: for the clamour and tumult of life reach it not. It is warmed by the sunshine, and beaten upon by storms; but the sound of the great world beyond comes not anigh. Yet, alas! though these guardian hills may beat back and keep afar off the roaring tide of life as it surges through the streets of great cities and around the high places of mankind, they cannot wholly shut it out. Its ebb and flow make themselves felt here, even in this the shallowest backwater of the ocean of humanity. Its pulsations come and go amid these solitudes with as rhythmic a beat as in the lanes of London City. And how? Because the human heart is here. Which is as much as to say, that love is here, and hate; that

joy is here, and grief; that here are pain and passion and despair, sin and death and the grave.

And that old man, weary and worn and fever-stricken: what would he here amid these solitudes in the wild October storm of yesterday? Thought he that Nemesis, awful daughter of Night, knew not her way hither? Saw he not the church-tower of Linlaven rising there amid the trees?—At its feet is the green churchyard, full of the graves of men.

The storm of yesternight had died away upon the hills, but it had left mournful traces of its fury behind. High up on the broad Fell, many a tall pine has been shattered and riven, lying now with upturned roots in the wan morning light. The old elm that yesternorn shook its withered boughs, rustling dim dead leaves in the rising sun, has fallen across the village street, and the children stare with round eyes of wonder at its hollow bole, knowing not that corruption and decay had been eating into its heart for years. The great willow that hung over the deep still pool where Brathrig Beck falls into Brathrig Mere, is also stricken down; nor shall it ever again fan the air with gray leaves, and whisper dark secrets to the summer moon, of fair pale faces and floating hair, and midnight shrieks along the mere.

A very little thing moves the half-stagnant waters of life in a village community. Had the storm of last night been the only troubler of the waters, it would doubtless this morning have been the talk and wonder of every one; the old folks counting how far back it was since they had had such another storm, and how much worse that was than this one; and the young folks wondering how it was that people could remember things so far back: *they* could hardly remember yesterday's lessons.

But now, the finding of the stranger upon the moor far outdid all other subjects of human interest. Rafe the pedlar, who had discovered him with that inquisitive lantern of his—which was always glaring about with its one eye to see if it couldn't pick up a bargain—Rafe was quite a hero to-day. He had to tell the story a dozen times in the course of the forenoon; but he managed to make rather a profitable business out of it. The old women found he was not very communicative upon the subject until they had sampled and paid for a few of his wares, and then it was amazing what he could tell. The wild wind, the swaying and moaning of the trees by the Dead Water, the awful terror he experienced in passing the tree where the smugglers hanged the exciseman, and then, to crown all, the groans and strange sounds he heard when at last he reached the brow of the Fell, and saw the corpse-like thing lying before him! But further than that he would not go. He might say more than his head was worth. Who knows who the old man might be? No, no; Lawrence Dale and he had talked the matter over, and least said soonest mended. 'But maybe, kimners, when I come round next, the ough may hae blawn past, and wha kens what I may tell ye, ance I can do it wi' safety, and just out o' pure friendship. Sae, good-day, i' noo.'

Upon the whole, the result was rather disappointing to the gossips; but Rafe knew he had

planted a little seed of curiosity and expectancy in their minds that would keep them from forgetting him till he came back again.

In the course of the forenoon the Doctor arrived at the vicarage. The patient had in the meantime, by the Vicar's orders, been removed to a room in a cottage near the mill, where Lawrence Dale and his wife had promised to see to his wants; and thither the Vicar and the Doctor bent their steps. Clara, in whose mind a strange curiosity had been stirred as to the old man, accompanied them, and looked anxiously at the Doctor's proceedings. The patient was in much the same condition as she had last seen him; and the Doctor pronounced him to be suffering from what appeared to be brain-fever, due, in view of the circumstances under which he had been found, to fatigue and exposure, and possibly privation.

Before she left the room, Clara whispered to the Vicar: 'Grandpapa, go forward and look at the poor man; do you think you could ever have seen him before?'

The Vicar did so, looking long and anxiously at the man's face. 'No,' he said, as he returned to her side. 'I am certain I never saw him before, nor am I able to see anything in his features that resembles any one I have ever known.'

Clara did not reply; but her mind was not quite at rest. She did not, however, say anything about what she had seen and heard in the early morning; and they left the house together.

No perceptible change occurred in the patient's condition during that or the following day; but in the early hours of the third morning, while Lawrence and Mrs Dale were sitting with him, some symptoms of a change made themselves manifest. The strugglings of the crazed brain within the man were subsiding; his voice had sunk almost into silence, though there was still a death-like pallor on his face. By-and-by he sank into what appeared to the sympathetic watchers to be a calm and peaceful slumber. Was it, thought they, the blessed sleep that precedes a healthful awakening, or was it the comatose languor that should end in death?

It was Sabbath morning, and Clara visited the cottage on her way to church. The village was as calm and silent as the great brown hills that looked down upon it on every side. No tinkle of hammer on anvil came from the village smithy; the six days' rumble and whirl of shaft and pinion in the old mill was at an end, and the big water-wheel stood up gaunt and idle, lazily dripping in the morning sun. Brown leaves lay thick along the margin of the lake, on the smooth steely surface of which the church and church-tower were impictured as in a mirror. The little flower-plot in front of the cottage wore a lifeless and dejected look, as if sadly conscious that its summer glory was over and gone; and from the trailing roses and creepers that still clung to the cottage wall, the yellow leaves every now and again fell with a faint shiver to the ground.

Clara entered, and was struck by the strange stillness that filled the room, and the slumberous quiet of the apparently dying man. The sunlight came slantingly in at door and window—not rich and mellow as in the golden glow of summer, but with a cold and silvery splendour,

that gave lustre but little warmth to the chill October air. The chirp and twitter of birds upon the housetops, or the slow heavy footstep of a passing villager, was all that broke the silence; and there, beneath the eyes of the silent watchers, the sick man calmly slumbered on.

All at once the sound of the church bells broke upon the quiet air, entering with the sunlight the open door, and startling the sleeper where he lay. He moved at first uneasily, as in pain; then lay like one who sleeps, yet seems to listen in his sleep. The bells rang on, their clangour softened by distance; the rich melody filling the air and flooding the room as with the rush and rustle of angels' wings.

No one spoke. The sleeper moved once more, and looked up. The wild light had died out of his eyes, and the harsh lines of his face were softened and subdued as if an angel's hand had touched them into peace. It was life—not death. The battle had been fought, the tribulation had been endured, and the hand of the Destroyer had been stayed—for a time.

'Them beautiful bells!'

It was the sick man who spoke, his face for the moment lit up with a kind of sweet radiance. At length his eyes fell on Lawrence. 'Where be I?' he asked; 'and what beautiful bells be those?'

'Thou be among friends,' Lawrence replied; 'and the bells are the bells of Linlaven.'

'Ah,' said the man, as if the words conveyed no information to his mind. Then he lay quite still for a few minutes, apparently absorbed in his own thoughts; perhaps considering within himself the possibilities that might have occurred. And again he spoke.

'Happen that some one ha' took me up. I knowed I was out in the dark night, in the storm, well nigh a-dyin' of hunger and weariness and pain—and then I feels myself falling and falling—and knowed that this were the end o' me at last. Then all of a sudden I was far away in the old church at home, kneeling by mother's side, and the great bells in the tower were ringing out slowly and sweetly, and all the church was filled with sunshine and pleasant music, as I ha' seen it many and many's the time long ago. Mother took my hand in hers as I knelt beside her, and I could see the old look of love deep down in her eyes. "Giles, my lad, say *Our Father*." And I said it with her till we came to *Forgive us our sins*—when it all changed, quick and sudden-like, into darkness. I could not lift my eyes, and a great pain was at my heart, and all around was nothing but darkness—darkness! Then my eyes were opened, and I saw thee beside me here—and them beautiful bells, they still rang on. What may it all mean?'

'It means,' said Lawrence, 'that thou ha' been very ill, and ha' had a sore wrestle for thy life. But ask no more at present; thou will hear all when thou be stronger.'

Clara all this while had stood a little apart, strangely moved by what she saw and heard, comparing her former impressions with her present. Then she moved quietly out of the house, and took her way to the church.

'Lawrence,' said Mrs Dale to her husband apart; 'I ha' been thinkin' o' that thou told

me as to what the poor old man said up on the Fell, and I can't believe it. It were main bad of us to think ill o' him. That ain't the face of a bad man, whatever is.'

The autumn had passed into winter, and winter into spring, and the old man whom Rafe the pedlar had found on Brathrig Fell on that stormy night last October was still in Linlaven. He did not die. His recovery was slow, but, thanks greatly to the patient nursing of Mrs Dale, he did recover.

'Uncle Giles.' That was the name he was known by. He had never offered to give his full name to any one, and no one among those about him quite cared to ask him for it. He was excessively fond of children, and they of him; and one day a little girl, with that innocent temerity which sits so well on childhood, asked him what his name was. The man looked taken aback for a minute; then he replied, that the little children he had known in other places always called him Uncle Giles. And so he came to be called in Linlaven, not by the children only, but by every one.

All the same, it was a little strange, this reticence and this desire for obscurity. As you may be sure, it did not escape the attention of the villagers. It was indeed much talked of—in his absence. There must be some reason for it. Was he 'wanted'? What would it be? Theft? No, he did not look like a man who would steal. Murder? Never; he was too gentle and mild even to have given deadly injury to any one. Smuggling? Ah, that might be it. For it was observed that he was not what is called poor. After his recovery, he had himself paid the doctor's bill, and ever since he had been indebted to no one for the simple necessities of his life. That must be it: smuggling. And once the villagers arrived at this conclusion, it was rather an element in his favour than otherwise.

But this suspicion was not all; for Mrs Dale thought she saw more. She had satisfied herself that, immediately after his recovery, he desired nothing more than to get away from Linlaven as quickly as possible. He was restless, and anxious, and evidently bent upon taking his departure. And in all probability he would have been gone long ere now, but for the fact that the winter had been a singularly severe one. It was quite a month after his being carried into Linlaven before he was able to leave his bed, and yet another month before he was in a fit state to travel; by which time the winter had set in, fierce and keen. Great falls of snow had taken place, and the hills lay stretched motionless under their white shrouds like so many dead giants. The roads for weeks were blocked, and it was not possible to cross the wild Fells in any direction. Winter had in fact besieged Linlaven, shutting it up as closely as was ever beleaguered city in time of war.

This old man, therefore, who called himself Giles, was to Lawrence Dale and his wife, as also to the Vicar and Clara, not only the object of much kindly attention but also of some degree of interest. At first they had simply pitied and cherished him as a poor child of misfortune and distress, driven by the vicissitudes of fate within

the scope of their sympathies; but as they knew him better, they began at once to like and to respect him. He was a man of few words, manifesting his sense of gratitude in his looks and manner rather than by any set form of speech.

But there was one that got nearer to the old man's heart than all the rest. This was Lucy Norham, Clara's child. A merry prattling thing, with all the winning ways of a little sylph of five years, she came to know and to understand him as if by intuition, and to love him also as the very young are often seen to love the very old. She it was who had had the hardihood to look up into the old man's face and to ask him his name. She would transport into his cottage the little play-things that were dearest to her for the time, and spend hours at the old man's feet, until her nurse appeared to fetch her home. Sometimes, as she sat on his knee, her fair hair falling over her shoulders, he would stroke with gentle hand the shining locks, and gaze into the deep blue of her young eyes, as though he were about to recall in her face some vanished image of the past. And when, in the course of that fierce mid-winter—when fog and frost and snow lay everywhere, and icicles hung from windows and doorways—disease laid its hand on the little maid, not one of all the villagers waited for news of her recovery with a deeper anxiety than did this ancient castaway who loved her.

Moreover, as the spring returned, and the soft west winds were once more rippling the lake, life seemed to have grown brighter for the old man. It was found that he possessed no slight mechanical skill in various ways; and in order to encourage him to settle in the village, Lawrence Dale had the top-storey of the Old Grange fitted up with a carpenter's bench and other requisites, and Uncle Giles soon found his hands filled with such work as the united wants of the little community provided for him. Here, therefore, the old man bestowed himself in his working hours, and here, when the spring sun shone soft on the vicarage garden, scarce a day would pass in which he was not aware of a pair of little feet climbing the tall stairs, and a little voice shouting out for 'Uncle Giles.' Then would he leave his tools, and go half-way down the stairs to lift the little Lucy in his arms, and carry her up beside him, to watch him at his work, and to cheer him by her happy innocence and childish prattle.

With this improvement in the old man's physical surroundings had come also a corresponding improvement in his health and appearance. As strength returned to his tall and naturally athletic frame, and his step became firmer, and his face less pale and emaciated, the neighbours were fain to admit that he did not look quite so old as they at first had thought him. It was true his hair was gray—even white; but we know that time is not alone the producer of gray hairs. There are other snows than those of age: other frosts that whiten men's heads—ay, and blench men's hearts too—than those that fall from the chill breath of passing years.

The spring had grown into summer, and now June was almost treading on the skirts of May. The leaf had returned to the tree, and the meadows were green with the springing grass. Down the lanes the hawthorn was white with

flowers, and the scent of blossoming orchards was sweet on the air. Amid all this, the old man, with his recovered health and strength might have been as happy and contented as most of his neighbours deemed him; but he was not. This discontent, or rather restlessness, was not apparent to outsiders; but there was one whose keen yet kindly eye did not fail to discern it, and that one was Lawrence Dale's wife, Milly. With a woman's fine instinct, she saw that he was urged by the old mysterious impulse to arise and depart from among them.

When these fits were on him, he would wander for hours about the distant margin of the lake, and through sequestered lanes, shunning, and evidently desirous of shunning, the presence of his neighbours. He had come back one evening from one of those solitary wanderings, and was seated on the bench outside his cottage door, looking across the shining mere to where the great sun was glowing in the western sky. A thrush, on the topmost twig of the leafy elm that overhung the cottage roof, was making all the air musical with its rich mellow notes, only keeping silence at intervals for the reply which came back to it from that other in the clump of leafy beeches below. But the old man heeded not their music. His face wore a look of deep sadness, as he sat there, gazing at the lake with its wavy flow of golden-crested ripples. Was he thinking of the future?—or of the past? Thinking, it may be—who knows?—of both: of the time, perhaps, when, under the black sails of some withering sorrow or deed of sin, he had scoured the seas in search of that dragon which he was never to slay, and in the hope of returning under the white sails of that victory which had never been his.

At that moment a little hand was laid on his, causing him to start suddenly, like a man in fear. It was only the little maid Lucy.

'I have come to bid you good-night, Uncle Giles; and Dolly have come too. You must kiss Dolly first, 'cause she's the principal baby.' And she held a very much battered little image of a doll up to him. 'Oh, Uncle Giles,' she went on, 'Dolly and I have been looking for you for hours—and hours—and hours!' And she gazed up into his face with wistful eyes.

The old man only said, 'Ah, my little Lucy!' and gathered her up into his long arms, and set her on his knee. As he kissed her, a hot drop fell upon her cheek. Just then, he looked up and saw Milly watching him from her cottage door; so, kissing the child once more, he set her down, and went hurriedly into his own house.

His confused and agitated demeanour had not escaped Milly's eye; hence, as soon as she had taken Lucy up to the vicarage, and returned, she walked straight towards his house, and entered. It was as she had half expected. The worn brown valise stood packed on the table, as if its owner were meditating an early departure.

'Surely, Uncle Giles,' Milly said, pointing to the valise, 'thou be not going to leave us?'

'Happen I may, missus,' he answered, as he lifted the tell-tale bundle and put it away. He went on: 'I shouldn't oughtn't to ha' been here so long. Only one thing ha' kept me, or I ain't nowise sure if I had been wi' thee till now.'

'What is that, Giles?'

'Well, missus, it be that bairn o' Mrs Norham's—little Lucy. There's a summat that binds that lass to me as I can't explain nohow, not even to mysen.'

'Then why should thou go? Ain't thou well here, and well liked?'

'Happen as that be so,' he replied. 'I weren't complainin' o' no one. But mine ha' been a wanderin' life; and though I be well pleased to stay within sound o' Linlaven bells, yet happen sometime I may stay a day too long. I ain't a-wishin' to go; but maybe, lass, there's a summat as shall make me.'

HEREDITARY CLERGYMEN.

It has not yet been proved, though Mr Galton has attempted to do so, that genius and ability are qualities capable of being transmitted from father to son. But it is frequently seen that for several generations families have followed one particular profession, and as they have often done so with considerable success, it is to be presumed that they inherited abilities that peculiarly adapted them for the hereditary calling. There are families that can, and do, boast of their four or five successive generations engaged in the law or medicine or trade. The clerical profession has been particularly favoured in this direction, almost every religious denomination having had families who for generations have devoted themselves to the ministerial or sacerdotal functions. A very prominent family among the Jews, the Adlers, have long held high rank in their church. In the last century flourished the Rabbi Beer Adler. He was father of Mordecai Adler, Chief Rabbi of Hanover, whose son, the Rev. Dr Nathan Adler, was for a great number of years Chief Rabbi of England. Dr Nathan Adler's son, Dr H. Adler, having been for some years Delegate Chief Rabbi of England, has now succeeded his father. Thus four generations of the Adler family have held the Rabbinate; and a passage in the will of Dr Nathan Adler points to there being still another generation in the person of the son of the present Chief Rabbi, carrying out the priestly traditions of the family.

In the Church of Rome, the celibacy of the clergy prevents the direct transmission of the priestly office; but there are numerous families—for instance, the Vaughans, to which the Archbishop of Westminster belongs—in which one or more members of several generations have become clergymen. An exception to the general rule of celibacy in the Romish Church is the case of the semi-secular Deans of Whalley, whose marriages would appear to have been considered quite legal, and who were hereditary clergymen in every sense, the Deanery going to the eldest son, just as a civil title does at the present time. This family was for eight generations connected with the Deanery of Whalley, the line ceasing in the thirteenth century.

The Church of England has had many examples of clerical families. In some cases these families, having inherited the presentation of a living, have, very naturally, brought up one of their members in holy orders to keep the benefice in the family. In others, doubtless, a strong theological bias has almost forced its members

to enter the Church; and it has even been suggested that these clerical families have inherited from their ancestors sermons, and thus having a good stock of these essentials, have chosen the preaching career merely to utilise their heirlooms.

One of the oldest of the clerical families is the Collins family of Cornwall. This was founded at the Reformation by one of the earliest of the married priests, a certain Edward Collins, who was instituted Rector of Illogan in 1533. He and his descendants were Rectors of the same place for the next one hundred and fifty-one years, a break of twelve years excepted. For five generations the clerical descent of this family runs from father to son; then for two generations from uncle to nephew; then a father and son; diverging from the main line it goes for two generations from uncle to a nephew, who is now living—thus making a total of eleven generations each represented by one or more clergymen. For a period of over three hundred and fifty years some member of the Collins family has been in holy orders. The Collins family has been connected with the Church for half a century longer than the Newcome family, to which, however, it must yield the palm as regards the distinction attained by its members.

The Newcome family was established by Stephen Newcome, who in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was Curate of Gorton. He had an only son, Stephen, who became, in 1617, Rector of Caldecot. This Stephen left several children, three of whom became clergymen. From the eldest of these sons descended Daniel Newcome, Dean of Gloucester; William Newcome, Archbishop of Armagh; and a number of rectors and vicars. From the second of the three brothers also descended clergymen of the Established Church; while from the third, Henry Newcome of Manchester, the celebrated Presbyterian minister, and ejected Vicar of Gawsworth, descended a line of clergy that even now, after a lapse of a couple of hundred years, is in a flourishing condition. Henry Newcome, though himself a staunch Nonconformist, does not appear to have had any objection to his children conforming. Of his three sons, two were clergymen, Henry, the eldest son, being Rector of Middleton, Lancashire; while the youngest, Peter, became Rector of Hackney. Peter had two clerical sons, Peter, Rector of Shenley; and Richard, Bishop of St Asaph. The Rector of Shenley was father of Henry Newcome, Vicar of Gresford, who was the father of Richard, Archdeacon of Merioneth, and of Thomas, Rector of Shenley. The Rev. Thomas Newcome was father of the present Rev. H. J. Newcome, Rector of Shenley, and of the Rev. Edward W. Newcome. The present representatives of this family are thus the eighth generation of priests of the Church of England, all, it is said, holding benefices, and all, with the exception of Henry Newcome of Gawsworth and Manchester, episcopally ordained.

The Newcomes are surpassed in interest, though not in years, by the eminent family of Wesley, the first clerical member of which was Bartholomew Wesley, Rector of Catherston and Charmouth, Dorsetshire, from both of which livings he was ejected by the Act of Uniformity in 1662. Bartholomew Wesley married a grand-

daughter of Archbishop Loftus of Dublin, and had a son, John Wesley, M.A., who was also amongst the ejected ministers in 1662. His wife was of a clerical family, being daughter of the Rev. John White, and a relation of Bishops Townson and Davenant, besides being niece of Fuller, the author of the *Worthies*. The son of John Wesley was the Rev. Samuel Wesley, who, though brought up by his widowed mother with the intention of entering the Nonconformist ministry, was ordained a clergyman of the Established Church, and held the Rectory of Epworth. Samuel Wesley married the daughter of Dr Samuel Annesley, an eminent dissenting minister. Three of the sons of this marriage were clergymen—Samuel; John, the founder of Methodism; and Charles. The next generation, instead of being clergymen, were musicians; but the family profession was resumed by a grandson of Charles Wesley—namely, Dr Wesley, Chaplain to the Queen. Dr Wesley's death in 1859 terminated the clerical career of his family, he and his ancestors having been ordained priests during a period of two hundred and fifty years, the continuity of the descent being only broken by his father, Wesley the musician.

The Dodsons of Hurstpierpoint are another example. Jeremiah Dodson was for about thirty years a London rector, holding his living during the troubled times of Charles II. and James II. His son of the same name became Rector of Hurstpierpoint, in which living he was succeeded by his son, Christopher Dodson; and he in his turn by his son, John Dodson, D.D. In the next generation, Sir John Dodson deserting the family calling, held several important judicial offices, and became a Privy-councillor. Sir John's son was a few years ago created Lord Monk Bretton.

The present Bishop of Lincoln is the representative of an important family which now records its five generations of clerical descent. The first clergyman of the family was Dr James King, Dean of Raphoe in 1775; he was father of Dr Thomas King, Prebendary of Canterbury, and of Dr Walker King, Bishop of Rochester. Two of Bishop King's sons were clergymen, the elder being Archdeacon King, who was father of Canon Walker King, and of Dr Edward King, Bishop of Lincoln. Canon King's son is also in holy orders.

The King family is by no means the only family that can boast of more than one bishop. The family of Law, of which the patriarch was a country curate, can claim three bishops. The curate's son became Bishop of Carlisle in 1768. Two of the bishop's sons also attained the episcopal bench, the one as Bishop of Clonfert, the other as Bishop of Bath and Wells. The Bishop of Bath was father of Canon Law of Chester, and grandfather of several clergymen.

The Law family, with its three bishops, is scarcely to be compared, in respect to the number of its episcopal members, with the Synges of Ireland, who were perhaps the most fortunate of all the families systematically following the Church as a profession. Two brothers, George and Edward Synges, were respectively Bishops of Cloyne and Cork during the seventeenth century. In the next generation two of the sons of Bishop Edward became, the one Dean of Kildare, the other Archbishop of Tuam. The Archbishop's

two sons became Bishop of Elphin and Bishop of Killaloe. The Bishop of Killaloe died in 1771, when the episcopal honours of the family ceased, though several later members were clergymen.

In modern times there have been in England three families who have devoted themselves to the Church, and have deservedly attained high rank in it. These families are the Wilberforces, Wordsworths, and Bickersteths. The first is quite of recent clerical origin, but already includes two bishops. The second includes a Dean of Christ Church, a Bishop of Lincoln, a Bishop of St Andrews, and a Bishop of Salisbury. To the third belong the late Bishop of Ripon, the Bishop of Exeter, the Bishop of Japan; Edward Bickersteth, an evangelical preacher of considerable eminence, and the Dean of Lichfield.

The list of clerical families is by no means exhausted. Five generations of the Bisses were clergymen, the earliest being Archdeacon of Taunton in 1580; and the latest, Bishop of Hereford in 1721; while the Bests and Carsons were for five, the Woodroffes for six, and the Haringtons and Harrisons for five generations, clergymen of the Established Church.

THE CAPTAIN'S EXPLOIT.

It was a wet dreary night in that cheerless part of the great metropolis known as Wapping. The rain which had been falling heavily for hours still fell steadily on to the sloppy pavements and roads, and joining forces in the gutter, rushed impetuously to the nearest sewer. The two or three streets which had wedged themselves in between the docks and the river, and which, as a matter of fact, really comprise the beginning and end of Wapping, were deserted, except for a belated van crashing over the granite roads, or the chance form of a dock-labourer plodding doggedly along, with head bent in distaste for the rain, and hands sunk in trouser-pockets.

'Beastly night,' said Captain Bing, as he rolled out of the private bar of the *Sailor's Friend*, and ignoring the presence of the step, took a little hurried run across the pavement. 'Not fit for a dog to be out in.'

He kicked, as he spoke, at a shivering cur which was looking in at the crack of the bar-door, with a hazy view of calling its attention to the matter, and then pulling up the collar of his rough pea-jacket, stepped boldly out into the rain. Three or four minutes' walk, or rather roll, brought him to a dark narrow passage, which ran between two houses to the water-side. By a slight tack to starboard at a critical moment, he struck the channel safely, and followed it until it ended in a flight of old stone steps, half of which were under water.

'Where for?' inquired a man, starting up from a small penthouse formed of rough pieces of board.

'Schooner in the tier, *Smiling Jane*,' said the captain gruffly, as he stumbled clumsily into a boat, and sat down in the stern. 'Why don't you have better seats in this 'ere boat?'

'They're there, if you'll look for them,' said the waterman; 'and you'll find 'em easier sitting than that bucket.'

'Why don't you put 'em where a man can see 'em?' inquired the captain, raising his voice a little.

The other opened his mouth to reply, but realising that it would only lead to a long and utterly futile argument, contented himself with asking his fare to trim the boat better, and pushing off from the steps, pulled strongly through the dark lumpy water. The tide was strong, so that they made but slow progress.

'When I was a young man,' said the fare with severity, 'I'd ha' pulled this boat across and back afore now.'

'When you was a young man,' said the man at the oars, who had a local reputation as a wit, 'there wasn't no boats; they was all Noah's arks then.'

'Stow your gab,' said the captain, after a pause of deep thought.

The other, whose besetting sin was certainly not loquacity, ejected a thin stream of tobacco-juice over the side, spat on his hands, and continued his laborious work, until a crowd of dark shapes surmounted by a network of rigging loomed up before them.

'Now, which is your little barge?' he inquired, lugging strongly to maintain his position against the fast-flowing tide.

'Smiling Jane,' said his fare.

'Ah,' said the waterman, 'Smiling Jane, is it? You sit there, cap'en, an' I'll row round all their sterns while you strike matches and look at the names. We'll have quite a nice little evening.'

'There she is,' cried the captain, who was too muddled to notice the sarcasm; 'there's the little beauty. Steady, my lad.'

He reached out his hand as he spoke, and as the boat jarred violently against a small schooner, seized a rope which hung over the side, and swaying to and fro, fumbled in his pocket for the fare.

'Steady, old boy,' said the waterman affectionately. He had just received twopence-halfpenny and a shilling by mistake for threepence. 'Easy up the side. You ain't such a pretty figger as you was when your old woman made such a bad bargain.'

The captain paused in his climb, and poising himself on one foot, gingerly felt for his tormentor's head with the other. Not finding it, he flung his leg over the bulwark and gained the deck of the vessel as the boat swung round with the tide and disappeared in the darkness.

'All turned in,' said the captain, gazing owlishly at the deserted deck. 'Well, there's a good hour an' a half afore we start; I'll turn in too.'

He walked slowly aft, and sliding back the companion-hatch, descended into a small evil-smelling cabin, and stood feeling in the darkness for the matches. They were not to be found, and growling profanely, he felt his way to the state-room, and turned in all standing.

It was still dark when he awoke and hanging over the edge of the bunk cautiously felt for the floor with his feet, and having found it, stood thoughtfully scratching his head, which seemed to have swollen to abnormal proportions.

'Time they were getting under weigh,' he said at length, and groping his way to the foot of the steps, he opened the door of what looked

like a small pantry, but which was really the mate's boudoir.

'Jem,' said the captain gruffly.

There was no reply, and jumping to the conclusion that he was above, the captain tumbled up the steps and gained the deck, which as far as he could see was in the same deserted condition as when he left it. Anxious to get some idea of the time, he staggered to the side and looked over. The tide was almost at the turn, and the steady clank, clank of neighbouring windlasses showed that other craft were just getting under weigh. A barge, its red light turning the water to blood, with a huge wall of dark sail, passed noiselessly by, the indistinct figure of a man leaning skilfully upon the tiller.

As these various signs of life and activity obtruded themselves upon the skipper of the *Smiling Jane*, his wrath rose higher and higher as he looked around the wet deserted deck of his own little craft. Then he walked forward and thrust his head down the fore-castle hatch-way.

As he expected, there was a complete sleeping chorus below; the deep satisfied snoring of half-a-dozen seamen, who, regardless of the tide and their captain's feelings, were slumbering sweetly, in blissful ignorance of all that the *Lancet* might say upon the twin subjects of overcrowding and ventilation.

'Below there, you lazy thieves,' roared the captain; 'tumble up, tumble up.'

The snores stopped. 'Ay, ay,' said a sleepy voice. 'What's the matter, master?'

'Matter!' repeated the other, choking violently. 'Ain't you going to sail to-night?'

'To-night!' said another voice in surprise. 'Why, I thought we wasn't going to sail till Wen'sday.'

Not trusting himself to reply, so careful was he of the morals of his men, the skipper went and leaned over the side and communed with the silent water. In an incredibly short space of time five or six dusky figures pattered up on to the deck, and a minute or two later the harsh clank of the windlass echoed far and wide.

The captain took the wheel. A fat and very sleepy seaman put up the side-lights, and the little schooner, detaching itself by the aid of boat-hooks and fenders from the neighbouring craft, moved slowly down with the tide. The men, in response to the captain's fervent orders, climbed aloft, and sail after sail was spread to the gentle breeze.

'Hi! you there,' cried the captain to one of the men who stood near him coiling up some loose line.

'Sir?' said the man.

'Where is the mate?' inquired the captain.

'Man with red whiskers and pimply nose?' said the man interrogatively.

'That's him to a hair,' answered the other.

'Ain't seen him since he took me on at eleven,' said the man.

'How many new hands are there?'

'I b'lieve we're all fresh,' was the reply. 'I don't believe some of 'em have ever smelt salt water.'

'The mate's been at it again,' said the captain warmly, 'that's what he has. He's done

it afore and got left behind. Them what can't stand drink, my man, shouldn't take it, remember that.'

'He said we wasn't going to sail till Wen'sday,' remarked the man, who found the captain's attitude rather trying.

'He'll get sacked, that's what he'll get,' said the captain warmly. 'I shall report as soon as I get ashore.'

The subject exhausted, the seaman returned to his work, and the captain continued steering in moody silence.

Slowly, slowly darkness gave way to light. The different portions of the craft, instead of all being blurred into one, took upon themselves shape, and stood out wet and distinct in the cold gray of the breaking day. But the lighter it became, the harder the skipper stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked from the deck to the flat marshy shore, and from the shore back to the deck again.

'Here, come here,' he cried beckoning to one of the crew.

'Yessir,' said the man advancing.

'There's something in one of my eyes,' faltered the skipper. 'I can't see straight; everything seems mixed up.—Now, speaking deliberate and without any hurry, which side o' the ship do you say the cook's galley's on?'

'Starboard,' said the man promptly, eying him with astonishment.

'Starboard,' repeated the other softly. 'He says starboard, and that's what it seems to me.—My lad, yesterday morning it was on the port side.'

The seaman received this astounding communication with calmness, but as a slight concession to appearances, said 'Lor!'

'And the water-cask,' said the skipper; 'what colour is it?'

'Green,' said the man.

'Not white?' inquired the skipper, leaning heavily upon the wheel.

'Whitish-green,' said the man, who always believed in keeping in with his superior officers.

The captain swore at him.

By this time two or three of the crew who had overheard part of the conversation had collected aft, and now stood in a small wondering knot before their strange captain.

'My lads,' said the latter, moistening his dry lips with his tongue, 'I name no names—I don't know 'em yet—and I cast no suspicions, but somebody has been painting up and altering this 'ere craft, and twisting things about until a man 'ud hardly know her. Now, what's the little game?'

There was no answer, and the captain, who was seeing things clearer and clearer in the growing light, got paler and paler.

'I must be going crazy,' he muttered. 'Is this the *Smiling Jane*, or am I dreaming?'

'It ain't the *Smiling Jane*,' said one of the seamen; 'leastways,' he added cautiously, 'it wasn't when I came aboard.'

'Not the *Smiling Jane*!' roared the skipper; 'what is it, then?'

'Why, the *Mary Ann*,' chorused the astonished crew.

'My lads,' faltered the agonised captain after

a long pause. 'My lads.' He stopped and swallowed something in his throat. 'I've been and brought away the wrong ship,' he continued with an effort; 'that's what I've done. I must have been bewitched.'

'Well, who's having the little game now?' inquired a voice.

'Somebody else 'll be sacked as well as the mate,' said another.

'We must take her back,' said the captain, raising his voice to drown these mutterings. 'All hands stand by to shorten sail.'

The bewildered crew went to their posts, the captain gave his orders in a voice which had never been so subdued and mellow since it broke at the age of fourteen, and the *Mary Ann* took in sail, and, dropping her anchor, waited patiently for the turning of the tide.

The church bells in Wapping and Rotherhithe were just striking the hour of mid-day, though they were heard by few above the noisy din of workers on wharves and ships, as a short stout captain and a mate with red whiskers and a pimply nose stood up in a waterman's boat in the centre of the river and gazed at each other in blank astonishment.

'She's gone, clean gone,' murmured the bewildered captain.

'Clean as a whistle,' said the mate. 'The new hands must ha' run away with her.'

Then the bereaved captain raised his voice and pronounced a pathetic and beautiful eulogy upon the departed vessel, somewhat marred by an appendix in which he consigned the new hands, their heirs, and descendants, to every conceivable misery.

'Ahoy,' said the waterman, who was getting tired of the business, addressing a grimy-looking seaman hanging meditatively over the side of a schooner. 'Where's the *Mary Ann*?'

'Went away at half-past one this morning,' was the reply.

'Cos here's the cap'en an' the mate,' said the waterman, indicating the forlorn couple with a bob of his head.

'My eyes!' said the man, 'I s'pose the cook's in charge then. We were to have gone too, but our old man hasn't turned up.'

Quickly the news spread amongst the craft in the tier, and many and various were the suggestions shouted to the bewildered couple from the different decks. At last, just as the captain had ordered the waterman to return to the shore, he was startled by a loud cry from the mate.

'Look there!' he shouted.

The captain looked. Fifty or sixty yards away, a small shamefaced-looking schooner, so it appeared to his excited imagination, was slowly approaching them. A minute later a shout went up from the other craft as she took in sail and bore slowly down upon them. Then a small boat put off to the buoy, and the *Mary Ann* was slowly warped into the place she had left ten hours before.

But while all this was going on, she was boarded by her captain and mate. They were met by Captain Bing, supported by his mate, who had hastily pushed off from the *Smiling Jane* to the assistance of his chief. In the two leading features before mentioned he was not unlike the

mate of the *Mary Ann*, and much stress was laid upon this fact by the unfortunate Bing in his explanation. So much so in fact, that both the mates got restless; the skipper, who was a plain man, and given to calling a spade a spade, using the word 'pimply' with what seemed to them unnecessary iteration.

It is possible that the interview might have lasted for hours had not Bing suddenly changed his tactics and begun to throw out dark hints about standing a dinner ashore, and settling it over a friendly glass. The face of the *Mary Ann's* captain began to clear, and as Bing proceeded from generalities to details, a soft smile played over his expressive features. It was reflected in the faces of the mates, who by these means showed clearly that they understood the tale to be laid for four.

At this happy turn of affairs Bing himself smiled, and a little while later a ship's boat containing four boon companions put off from the *Mary Ann* and made for the shore. Of what afterwards ensued there is no distinct record, beyond what may be gleaned from the fact that the quartette turned up at midnight arm-in-arm, and affectionately refused to be separated—even to enter the ship's boat, which was waiting for them. The sailors were at first rather nonplussed, but by dint of much coaxing and argument broke up the party, and rowing them to their respective vessels, put them carefully to bed.

SINGULAR FREAKS OF LIGHTNING.

THE Etruscans of old believed in three kinds of lightning—one incapable of doing any injury; another more mischievous in its character, and consequently only to be issued with the consent of a quorum of twelve gods; and a third carrying mischief in its train, and for which a regular decree was required from the highest divinities in the Etruscan skies. Curiously enough, modern scientists, following the lead taken by Arago, have also decreed that the varieties of lightning are threefold. The first comprehends that in which the discharge appears like a long luminous line, bent into angles and zigzags, and varying in complexion from white to blue, purple, or red. This kind is known as forked lightning, because it sometimes divides into two or more branches before reaching the earth.

The second differs from the first in the range of surface over which the flash is diffused. From this circumstance the discharge is designated sheet-lightning; and if any real parallel can be instituted between the Etruscan and modern varieties, this may be said to correspond with the innocuous lightning which any single god of Etruria could launch at his pleasure.

The third class are not only remarkable for their eccentricities, but they have been made the subject of considerable contention. They differ so widely from the more ordinary manifestations that many meteorologists have denied their right to be treated as legitimate lightnings. They neither assume the form of long lines on the one hand, nor of sheets of flame on the other, but exhibit themselves as balls or globular lumps of fire. They are not momentary apparitions, but

meteors which take their own time, and travel at such a slow rate that one flippant gentleman characterises them as 'the Government class of lightnings.' They last several seconds, show themselves to be more than a foot in diameter, and usually burst with a bright flash and a loud explosion, occasionally discharging flashes of lightning. More than one was seen during the heavy thunder-storms of last year; and one school-master in Liverpool, whose school was struck, declared that he saw a ball of fire strike the steeple and cause the panic which ensued.

A very singular story is told concerning the vagaries of one mass of globe lightning. A tailor in the Rue St Jacques, in the neighbourhood of the Val de Grace, was getting his dinner one day during a thunder-storm, when he heard a loud clap, and soon the chimney-board fell down, and a globe of fire as big as a child's head came out quietly and moved slowly about the room at a small height above the floor. The spectator in conversation afterwards with M. Babbinet of the Académie des Sciences, said it looked like a good-sized kitten rolled up into a ball and moving without showing its paws. It was bright and shining, yet he felt no sensation of heat. The globe came near his feet; but by moving them gently aside he avoided the contact. After trying several excursions in different directions, it rose vertically to the height of his head—which he threw back, to prevent it touching him—steered towards a hole in the chimney above the mantel-piece, and made its way into the flue. Shortly afterwards—'when he supposed it had had time to reach the top,' the tailor said—there was a dreadful explosion, which destroyed the upper part of the chimney, and threw the fragments on to the roofs of some adjoining buildings which they broke through.

This explosive power is one of the foremost qualities exhibited by the electrical discharge. When the fluid happens to meet with some obstruction in its course, it frequently evinces its dissatisfaction by shattering the non-conducting object, exercising a radiating force like a bomb-shell and bursting substances asunder as if they had been charged with gunpowder. Many years ago the south-west pinnacle of the church of Breog, in Cornwall, was demolished by a stroke of lightning, and one stone weighing three hundred-weight was hurled southwards over the roof to the distance of sixty yards; while a second was sent to the north for the space of four hundred yards; and a third was projected in a south-westerly direction.

In the forest of Nemours, a tree was once struck: two pieces were rent from its trunk; the smaller was tossed to a distance of fifty feet, and the larger, which eighteen men could not move, to a distance of twenty feet or so in an opposite tack.

In 1838 the topgallant mast of H.M.S. *Rodney* was hit by a flash, and literally cut up into chips, the sea being strewn with the fragments as if the carpenters had been sweeping their shavings overboard. Shortly before, the topmasts of H.M.S. *Hyacinth* had suffered in a similar manner; and when the *Thetis* underwent a like visitation in Rio harbour, Captain Fitzroy described the foretopmast as 'a mere collection of long splinters almost like reeds.'

These are a few examples of the mechanical effects of lightning. It works chemically as well. It has the power of developing a peculiar odour, which has been variously compared to that of phosphorus, nitrous gas, and most frequently burning sulphur. Wafer mentions a storm on the Isthmus of Darien which diffused such a sulphureous stench through the atmosphere that he and his marauding companions could scarcely draw their breath, particularly when they plunged into the wood. The British ship *Montague* was once struck by globular lightning, which left such a Satanic savour behind it that the vessel seemed nothing but sulphur, and every man was suffocating. About a year ago, the newspapers recorded a similar experience of the crew of another English ship while crossing the North Pacific from China to the States. In this case the crew had to take to the rigging to prevent being choked by the sulphur fumes.

The magnetic effects produced are often very curious. A chest containing a large assortment of knives, forks, and other cutlery, was, not many years ago, struck in the house of a Wakefield tradesman, and magnetism imparted to the whole of the articles. Arago in his *Meteorological Essays* speaks of a shoemaker in Swabia whose tools were thus treated, to his indescribable annoyance. 'He had to be constantly freeing his hammer, pincers, and knife from his nails, needles, and awls, which were constantly getting caught by them as they lay together on the bench.' The same authority knew of a Genoese ship which was wrecked near Algiers in consequence of some pranks played by lightning amongst the compasses, the captain innocently supposing that he was sailing towards the north, when as a matter of fact he was steering due south.

Many other effects have been attributed to electrical commotions; but for some of these it would be hazardous to vouch. There are wells and springs which are thrown into a state of apparent ebullition on the approach of a storm. Fountains are said to pour out copious streams even in times of drought, when Jupiter '*media nimborum in nocte, corusca fulmina malitur dextra.*' Subterranean thunders have occasionally been heard preparatory to an aerial eruption. The sea has cast up volumes of water, as if volcanoes were exploding below. The ground has burst open, and floods of water have gushed forth from the sides of hills or from fissures in the rocks. Taking another class of effects, cures have been performed by lightning: gouty men have been enabled to walk freely; epileptic persons have been healed; amaurosis has been removed, and rheumatism dispelled by a flash. But one dare not look too closely into the subject of medical electricity, nor venture to recommend any one to tempt lightning in the hope of experiencing its curative powers; for its action is arbitrary and oftener than not hurtful. Three hundred persons were once struck in Charleston prison and clean robbed of their muscular strength.

There is another class of phenomena produced by lightning which is well worthy of attention, but of which little is yet known; we refer to lightning-prints. We are all acquainted with

the peculiar action of light upon papers imbued with salts of silver or other chemical preparations sensitive to its influence, by which the images of surrounding objects are permanently and elegantly fixed upon paper. Well, a lightning flash now and again produces a similar result upon the thing or person it touches. M. Poey, who has treated the subject of lightning-prints very fully in the pages of the French scientific journals, mentions twenty-four cases of impressions on the bodies of men and animals. Of these, eight were impressions of trees or parts of trees; one of a bird, and one of a cow; four of crosses; three of circles or of impressions of coins carried about the person; two of horse-shoes; one of a nail; one of a metal comb; one of a number or numeral; one of the words of a sentence; and one of the back of an arm-chair. Crosses in this connection are very old, for Gregory Nazianzen declares that in the year 360 A.D. they were imprinted upon the bodies and clothing of the workmen occupied in rebuilding the Temple of Jerusalem. At the end of the sixteenth century a similar thing occurred at Wells Cathedral. Casaubon, who derived his information from Dr Still, the Bishop, says that during divine service in the cathedral two or three claps of thunder were heard, which frightened the worshippers so much that they all threw themselves on the ground. Lightning flashed without hurting any one present; but it was afterwards found that crosses had been imprinted upon the bodies of all who were in the church.

A horse-shoe was found indelibly marked on the neck of a young man of Candelaria (Cuba), who was struck dead by lightning near a house upon one of the windows of which was nailed a horse-shoe.

In 1853, a little girl was standing at a window near which stood a young maple-tree; a flash of lightning struck either the girl or the tree or both, and an image of the tree was found printed on her body. In another instance, a boy climbed a tree to steal a bird's nest; a lightning flash struck the tree; the boy fell to the ground, and on his breast the image of a tree, with the bird and nest on one of the branches, appeared most conspicuously.

DISCIPLINE.

CAN it be true that you have read in vain
Life's strange, sweet parable of good and ill,
And missed the meaning? Have you felt the chill,
Hard force of winter, and the tender rain
Of sunny springtide—seen the dawn and wane
Of star on star that God had sent to fill
The darkness of your sky with light, until
The sun came forth to do his work again?
The very fields, when storm and sun have done
Their will upon them, yield one harvest vast
Of praise unto their Maker! Are there none
But wasted joys and sorrows in your past?
Shall it be said of you: 'Lo! this is one
Whom life hath failed to educate at last!'

KATE MELLERSH.

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